

MATRIMONII
PENSITATIO:

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(7)

OR,

No Joynture

BUT

The Hugg-Rural.



L O N D O N,

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MATRIMONII PENSITATIO.

When first the World from the black Chaos rose,
And Infant-beauty did this Frame compose;
When Heaven and Man possess'd one State of
mind,

And the pure Globe, like its Creator, shin'd;
When free from sin, the Noble Mortal strove
To Rival God in his returns of Love;
When damning Pride, that Architect of Hell,
Had not, as yet, made the sweet Soul rebel;
When plunging Avarice no birth had found,
Nor tore the pretious Intrals of the Ground:
Then, then, the new Inhabitant was blest,
Ease watch'd his heart, and peace secur'd his breast;
No earthly thought tainted his holy mind;
That World th' Almighty gave him, he declin'd;
His God-like Image made him upward move,
He liv'd below, whilst his Soul dwelt above;
Riches were things too weak to draw him thence,
The darling Diamond wanted influence;

Pearls but like common Gravel he contemn'd,
 And what we count a God, he thought no Friend :
 With heat of Love he flam'd upon his-Mate,
 And on the Green swath without Dowery fate,
 Warping about her neck he sought her heart,
 A fiery Lover, free from Fraud or Art ;
 The object of his restless thoughts was bliss,
 And that he found in one Embrace, one Kiss,
 One Clasp, one Hug, one *Agar*-glance was more,
 Than Worlds of Pearl, or Globes of Golden Oar,
 One Touch, or vigorous Offer at her Lip,
 One Rapture on her Cheeks, or sanguine Sip,
 Rais'd more content in him than all the pains,
 The racks, the tortures of a Mistress gains :
 He plac'd his priz'd Affection next his God,
 And thought his Wife the second chiefest Good.
 The glorious Gift snatch'd in his loving Arms,
 Her Soul, her Beauty, and her Worth, her Charms ;
 Her Breast an equal active fire did move,
 She ballanc'd not his Empire with her Love :
 The splendid stamp of Empress she despis'd,
 The World a Cipher to the Man she priz'd :
 Her crowding wishes him alone pursu'd,
 No separate Greatness could her Love delude :
 Her Intellectuals pure knew how to scan
 That great and independent Richness, Man :

That

That little, but more weighty World, and more refin'd,
 More apt and suiting her Celestial mind,
 She understood, all that we good can name,
 Was nicely wrapt'd and folded up in him.
 O Fate, from whence proceeds the hidden cause,
 That we at Love, that glorious Passion, pause!
 Was it with *Adam's* Innocence betray'd,
 And by his Lapse a Malefactor made?
 Or have our own acquired Vices been
 So daring to determine it a sin?
 What should at once render us blest'd and great
 We flie, and count the Land-mark of our Fate:
 Like murmuring full-mouth'd *Israelites* we stand,
 And run on Rocks to shun the Holy Land.
 From hence the baffled World has been invers'd,
 Princes involv'd in War, and People curs'd;
 Friends to their Confidents estrang'd, and Sons
 Foes to their Fathers, 'Spite of Nature's dun's.
 Hence Nations are within themselves unti'd,
 Whilst bound in one, their hearts are unalli'd:
 Hence hot debates grow in Domestick Pow'rs,
 The Man's unkind, the cheated Woman lours.
 Man, like the sordid Earth from which he sprung,
 Corrupts his Soul by a base heart of Dung,
 Quite started from the blessed form he bore,
 He values not the Woman, but her store;

Extends

Extends his treacherous Pledge to golden Charms,
 And joyns his hands to none but spangled Arms ;
 He weds her Jewels, and her Amber Chains,
 But her rich Self that merits all, disdains :
 Her Face he praises, but he courts her Ears,
 Catching the glittering Pendants that she wears ;
 Each Eye no longer he esteems a Star,
 Than flaming Rubies hang upon her hair,
 And judging Love, without her Gold, a curse ;
 He scorns her Virtue to commend her Purse.
 The Woman too, no less debas'd than he,
 Gives not her self but for Gratitude ;
 Sooths, like a Merchant, with inveigling Art,
 Demands her Joynture, and keeps back her heart ;
 On Terms and Articles with Pride proceeds,
 And Seals her cold Affections to her Deeds ;
 Strands off and Treats like an imperious State,
 And baulks her happiness to make her great ;
 Proclaims, her Fortune of a goodly size,
 And he that offers most obtains the Prize.
 Beyond the *Turkish* Salvageness this swells,
 Their Captives still are sold against their wills :
 But in reproach to us it justly braves,
 Whilst baser Christians sell themselves for slaves.
 Both Sexes now deprave their noble Kind,
 But by their Avarice debauch their mind :

Never

Never consult poor Virtue for a Choice,
 But set up Vice to make a sensual Voice :
 Divine Content they count a finer Cheat,
 A Dish for Ornament, but no true Meat,
 A meer Romance, an idle Dream of those,
 Who, wanting Wealth, think to disguise their Woes ;
 A Mountebank, that onely boasts of Cures,
 But cannot work th'effect his talk assures.
 Thus does the Atheist against Spirits vow,
 And slight the Deity he won't pursue,
 Because his sense can't apprehend a God,
 Religion's sottish, and her Zealots mad.
 But look a Married and a happy Pair,
 Are now, like Revelations, strange and rare.
 And if we reason from the Ages gone,
 There scarcely was a happy Match but one.
 We mind not how the same specifick kind,
 Curious in Gold, but to the Persons blind.
 The Man ne'r minds his Love, but Money still :
 Is the base thirsted Object of his Will :
 Upon conditions of a promis'd Store,
 He'll hug a thing that crawles upon all four.
 Bring him a rich old Corps, with grim Deaths head,
 He'll swear she's young, and her Complexion Red ;
 Or if you could bring one without a face,
 He'd praise her fiery Eyes, and comely Grace.

The Woman too by such affections lead,
 Contemn the Living to embrace the Dead;
 And rather than not cover, basely bold,
 Would wed a Coffin if the Bars were Gold.
 Nature's apostate active Youth she scorns,
 Will long for Oxen, if you gild their Horns;
 Judge him deformed, without Eyes or Nose,
 Nay, nothing to bespeak him Man but Cloathes;
 Yet she replies, He's rich; all passed down,
 There's nothing ugly but a poor Baboon.
 Thus might she clasp a loathsome Toad in Bed,
 Because he bears a Pearl within his Head:
 And gilded Pills, though bitter, may delight
 The liquorist's Lust of wav'ring Appetite.
 But still the Wealth their griping Senses Feasts,
 At most th'are but concatenated Beasts;
 For as they baulk all consonance of Soul,
 A mutual hate much each of them controll,
 And this stands fix'd, What with my Love don't suit,
 Appears deform'd, and, in my sense, a Brute.
 To various Climes of Temper each are thrown,
 The Frigid coupled to the Torrid Zone:
 Like Curs of different nature in a Chain,
 They're link'd in fear, and wear their Bands in pain.
 Perhaps a cold respect they both may show,
 As impious men to a kind Demon do,

Who

Who when some stinking Wealth he does unfold,
 Honour and dread him for their new found Gold :
 But view unrobe their bosome of disguise,
 Observe the averfation of their Eyes,
 With palpitations of Regret they twine,
 Like Oyl and Water their false Lives combine ;
 Whilst in each others Arms themselves they have,
 They with their Beds converted to a Grave ;
 And whilst their backward hearts, like Load-stones, meets
 They wish their Linen were their Winding-sheets.
 He, like a Bear of Love, her Body clips,
 Instead of pressing, bites her cholerick Lips :
 She, like a wounded Otter, flings and rails,
 Fires with her Tongue, and combats with her Nails :
 Hell and confusion seize her place around ;
 Horror his face, and thunder, beats the ground :
 They both lanch out into a Sea of strife,
 A wealthy Husband, and a brawling Wife :
 The whole Armado of their Passions are
 On each side summon'd to maintain a War :
 He arms revenge, she meets him with disdain,
 And to't they rush like Winds upon the Main :
 She to her shrill loud clamours takes recourse,
 Stamps and invokes the Clergy for Divorce,
 Detests the Light by which his face she saw,
 Curses her Bawds, and execrates the Law,

(to)

Directs to Heaven her twined Hands, with Prayers,
Cries out with Anguish, and a gulph of Tears,
That Justice would her matchless grief behold,
Pity a hated Husband, and a Scold ;
That Death would snatch him from the loathsome Bed,
And Heav'n restore the will which she betray'd.
He, on the other side, with rage grows blind,
Curses the Sex, and damns all Woman-kind,
Accuses Heav'n that such a Monster made,
A Fury in deceitful Masquerade,
A cunning Goblin in an Angels plight,
A Devil with the coverture of Light ;
Blasphemes, and by his passion cast too far,
Destroys himself by persecuting her ;
Abjures his Faith sworn to a Legal Bed,
Hates her, and lays another by her side,
Profusely ravishes her right, each Kiss,
And wracks her with the sight of wrongful Bliss.
She grows provok'd upon this dismal change,
And turns dishonest to retort revenge ;
The breach of Chastity she makes her play,
Rates him all night, and Cuckolds him all day.
This must be then the issue, where our Love
Does not together with our Nuptials move.
Possessions can't for sickle Joy provide,
No, Love, the end of Living, is destroy'd.

Alas,

Alas, w'are all mistaken in the kind,
 A happy Man is measur'd by his mind ;
 Suppose him born to all the Pomp of Life,
 Admit he's match'd to Beauty in a Wife ;
 These are but Pageants which a while may please,
 They may employ him, but procure no ease :
 That Grandeur is no compound of our Bliss,
 The rugged bosoms of the Great confess :
 The gilded Monarch sable stands within,
 His Glory to his Trouble's but a Shrine,
 His Cares, his Jealousies, Nocturnal Frights,
 Imbitter all his Joys and false Delights ;
 His toiling Head with grief a Crown must bear,
 Whilst he still starts and grasps to hold it there.
 And thus all Princes to this Hell we trace,
 They Reign without, and are but Kings by place.
 But least ambitious Maids in scorn relate,
 This is the utmost Tyranny of Fate,
 That such seditious disagreeing Pairs
 Are scarcely known in Centuries of Years ;
 We'll grant, which yet no less misfortune breeds,
 The Woman loves the Golden Man she Weds :
 We'll think, she brings with her Estate a Mind
 Pure as the Sterling from its Dross refin'd ;
 Yet this is so unlikely to succeed,
 It murders what it first design'd to feed :

He streight concludes her Passion a pretence,
 Condemns her Soul, and lays the Crime on Sense;
 Argues, she onely chose to be his Bride,
 To serve and gratifie her costly Pride.
 But still we'll give this to prick larger Law,
 We'll say, an equal passion both does draw:
 We will suppose them both inclin'd to Love,
 We'll call her *Venus*, and we'll stile him *Jove*:
 Yet through the Tides of bus'ness in his head,
 He must at length neglect and slight her Bed.
 His peeping Passion, like a feeble Sun,
 Mingled with showers of Rain, will soon be gone:
 And if perhaps there's left some poor remains,
 Like Northern Gold, 'tis in penurious Veins,
 Diffus'd and scatter'd o'er the barren Land,
 Amidst vast heaps of Lead and yellow Sand.
 This must be then a sad reward of Love,
 When he thus senseless of her choice does prove.
 Her am'rous courage ne'r can long be bold;
 That finds her self out-rival'd by her Gold.
 Both their affections to the Deep are sent,
 He sinks through weight, and she through discontent:
 Their Riches then shew their defect of pow'r,
 That can't create what want does oft procure.
 In thoughts of Wealth he can't intomb his smart,
 When sullen Love preys on his stubborn heart.

If crowded Chests and glutted Coffers can
 Restore contentment to th'ambitious Man;
 Possess'd of those, if he from pain is free,
 A Trouble may be call'd a quiet Sea;
 Because there's Pearl and Amber on the Shoars,
 And thus it's strangely silent where it roars.
 But 'twere, me-thinks, an easie task to prove,
 There's no such Passion as a sumptuous Love.
 True Fire the hearts o'th' Wealthy never breed,
 They may through care, but not affection, bleed:
 Their Tenures, Lands, their Rents and Quarter-days,
 In their distracted heads strong Factions raise:
 And whensoever poor simp'ring Love peeps in,
 He's by that boist'rous Crowd beat out again.
Cressus is still perplex'd to guard his Store,
 Fears 'twill be less, labours to make it more;
 And what he hoards by the excess of gain,
 Wastes his lean joy, and feeds his pamper'd Pain.
 When Love with blind caresses he would please,
 He forms Indentures, draws a cautious Lease;
 With Will-proviso's all his Speeches run,
 His Breast's a Tumult like a Market-Town:
 And when in Bed he should embrace his Spouse,
 Like a dull Ox lies still amidst the Cows;
 Chews all the night upon the next fair day,
 How much this Horse, how much that Load of Hay;

No

No thought but that of Cattle yokes his heart,
 His Soul's the Driver, and himself the Cart:
 Nothing but buz and noise his Cranium seize,
 His Head's the Hive, his basic Thoughts the Bees.
 In vain the Wife does for the Husband moan,
 Whilst she's the Burden, and her Love the Droan.
 Love, like a cautious fearful Bird, ne'er builds,
 But where the place silence and calmness yields:
 He slyly flies to Gopfes, where he finds
 The snugging Wood secure from blasts and winds,
 Shuns the huge bowels of a more stately form,
 And laughs at Trees made drunk at every storm.
 The pleasant Nightingale can ne'er be won
 To quit a temp'rate Shade to scorch i'th' Sun;
 In some low Barn he sings his charming Note,
 And on the Thatch tunes his sweet warbling Throat.
 We'll take an unrich Couple for our Scenes,
 Who love, and know not what Ambition means;
 Who such an even Competence possess,
 As may support, but not disturb their Bliss:
 See how unmov'd they at all Changes stand,
 Shipwracks on Sea, and Earthquakes on the Land;
 The fraud of Courts, the Knavish toil of Gowns,
 A Monarch's Favours, or his pointed Frowns,
 Concern them not, they but themselves abuse,
 In valuing that they ne'er intend to use:

Each

Each to the other prove a solid Bliss,
 Rich in themselves, no want of happiness :
 Like Egypt, in whose Land all plenty grows ;
 Each other's bosome is their best repose :
 When hissing Storms, and pitchy Tempests rise,
 Chin clings to Cheek, and swimming Eyes to Eyes ;
 When snarling Winds and knotty Thunder roar,
 They serve to make them press and love the more.
 Immortal being thus themselves cajol,
 Spurn stinking Sense, and feed upon the Soul.
 Here let us leave them bathing in pure Joy,
 Whom envious Man nor Fate can ne'er destroy.
 Here let them live to shame both Wealth and Pow'r,
 As Greatness can't love less, they can't love more.
 To the Divinest state of things they drive,
 Like Pilgrim-Angels on this Earth they live.
 Kind Nature gave them, Fortune bore no part,
 Love joyn'd their Souls, and Heav'n seal'd each Heart.

F I N I S.